

Teague's Fidelity to the Tories.



O Hone Honey Patrick I pray now say,
How things went in London since you came away
Pray have they chosen their Parliament men,
Must you return back to England again?
No no my dear Honey by my shoul I do swear,
The Whigs they do say the Poll it was not fair
Altho' that they brought by thousands & scores
The Whigs was turn'd out after coming before.
The tory's resolv'd to have a good Child,
That in Parliament-house they might not be be-
And likewise a Lockwood that is true to the Church
And turn out the Wigs that left her in the lurch.
There was a great man some call'd him a Fryar,
With his Train of Dippers but as they drew nigher,
The People cry'd out, Down with the Rascals,
For we will have no more Cushion thumpers.
At last my dear Honey I came to the Hall,
Where Whig and Tory must give in their Poll;
But two such grim Fellows I never did see,
I believe they're a Kind to his great Majesty.
They frightened me so that I dare not to stay,
But the Tory's may get it I heartily pray,
For the Whigs and I could never agree,
I wish they all drowned in the South-Sea.

Or else at black heath to perform Quarentine,
If they want a vote indeed How they shall have mine
Untill my dear master comes over the Seas,
And if they are beat let come back if they please.
As I came back along by St. Pauls,
I met with some Tories good honest Souls,
They asked me if that I would go drink
A health to brave O — d that never did shrink
Yes sir a faith that well will do I,
Drink to great O — until that I die,
Because he was true unto Anne our Queen,
The noblest Lady that ever was seen,
Worth all the great Monsters that ever was
Born
The Crew that she belongs to Immortally scorn,
She weighs twenty Hundred I solemnly swear,
She is ten times bigger then old Preston's Boat.
Come Drink a good Health to O — the brave,
And may all the Whigs to us be a Slave,
Not Rule the Land as they formerly done,
When the murd'r'd E. Charles banish'd his Son.
So fill up unto the downsides of the Rump,
Altho' that the Wigs are so much in the Dumps
We will have Tories to rule o're the Land,
And make them come to us with Caps in their Hand.

F I N I S